

"When a Girl Marries," a New Romantic Serial Begins Here Thursday

Another Installment of "The Wolves of New York" on This Page

A Snake Garden.

AT Butantã, Brazil, there is the most remarkable and reputed garden in the world. It contains seven hundred venomous serpents, maintained for scientific purposes. There are laboratories which produce serums for the cure and prevention of the effects of snake-bite.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY
Lillian Seizes a Devilish Plot in the Administration of Drugs From Poisonous Herbs

"There is a gypsy encampment just off the road on the other side of the hill now," interrupted Esther, who had gone back to her room. Her head was still aching from the blow she had received, and she was too excited to follow a suggestion which Lillian had made that she should attempt to get a little rest.

"That is a curious coincidence," said Lillian, "but I don't suppose it has any actual bearing upon the case. All I meant to say was that there are still many heresies of which we do not know the properties. It may be such a one that we have to deal with. Whoever is playing these devilish tricks is hardly likely to have recourse to ordinary methods. And I think—she hesitated.

"What?"

"That though the immediate effects of using this peculiar drug may not be very noticeable, the result may be a physical and mental degeneration. You yourself describe the dreams as evil, and you admit that your health has lately been bad. So there is one to think of. Only that there is a desire to harm you in a diabolical manner by inducing an illness for a drug which, for all we know, may be the very same that is playing havoc with Harold."

Escape seems impossible.

"You think that?" Esther's eyes were round with horror. "But how can I escape? If these enemies of mine have decided upon my undoing, they will win. I am not a hero. It seems so hopeless—so very hopeless. Tears sprang to her eyes, and she lay back wearily upon her pillow.

"Try and get a little rest," said Lillian soothingly. "There is no danger of anything further happening now, and I will leave the window open just a little, so that the air may be pure and wholesome. What time does your maid call you?"

"At half past eight," said Esther, trying her eyes and closing them obediently. "Breakfast is at 10. What will you do, Lillian?"

"I shall dress and go out. There are two or three things that I want to look into. We will meet again at 10, Esther. She stooped and kissed the white forehead. "Sleep peacefully, you poor child, and God bring you safely through your troubles."

As soon as she was dressed Lillian made her way downstairs, apparently somewhat to the astonishment of the housemaids.

"Are you going out, madam?" asked one of them civilly, noticing that Lillian was wearing a hat.

"Yes, I will open the door for you."

"Yes—into the garden. It's such a fine morning that I had a fancy to take a walk before breakfast. Thank you."

"The door is open, madam. The hall and found herself on the broad terrace that practically surrounded the house.

It was Lillian's design to examine the windows of the rooms that Harold Barrodale had closed off from the rest of the house. When looking out of the window of her bedroom she had observed very closely how they were situated though she had asked no questions. Now she noticed that they occupied the upper portion of a two-story wing, the room on the ground floor being a billiard room. The room ended in a projected turret, which evidently contained the staircase of which Esther had spoken. It had a small door opening upon the curve of the terrace, and this, as Lillian proved, or her own eyes, was firmly locked. The windows, excluding those of the turret, there were four on each side. The blinds of all of them were drawn, and the shutters to all appearance closed. The billiard room was lofty and well appointed, though now hardly ever used.

Lillian encountered stranger.

As there seemed nothing further to be gained in this direction, and as she had now examined the wing from both sides, Lillian once made her way toward the house, purposeful to take a walk toward the village of Helms. As she turned the corner she partly collided with a man who was standing in the shadow close to the locked door. He had not been there when she passed the spot a few moments earlier.

At first she took him for the man servant, Paul, for he had the same type of face, the same swarthy complexion and black beard, the same glittering eyes and cruel mouth. But his clothes were not such as Paul could wear while in the service of Harold Barrodale. This man had, in fact, every appearance of being a gypsy.

He drew aside as Lillian passed him, and she could see that he appeared confused. He touched his hat—it was an old, "wideawake"—as if with the idea of giving her the impression that he was perhaps a gardener or in some way connected with the establishment. Then he withdrew out of sight around the corner of the house.

Lillian made no attempt to speak to him or to follow him. She knew, as well as if he had proclaimed the fact, that he had come from the turret.

A gypsy! Esther had said that there was a gypsy encampment just beyond the village. There seemed no possible association between such people and Harold Barrodale, but at the same time the incident was one to be remembered. Had she not this morning cited gypsies as being folk who were often strangely learned in the science of herbs?

Lillian's next action was to walk to the postoffice of Helms and to send a telegram to Dr. Fleetwood, bidding him to Esther's

name, come without delay. She did not mean to run the risk of this not coming that day; there are times when a man's help and advice become absolutely necessary to a woman, and this was one of them.

Cheered and fortified by this walk, she returned to the Towers. It was close upon 10 when she entered the morning room to find a comfortable breakfast ready, but Esther had not yet appeared.

While waiting, a sudden thought struck her, and she made her way to the dining hall, where the family pictures hung. She went straight to the portrait of Harold Barrodale and cast a hasty glance over it.

The Seal of the Barrodales.

"Good heavens!" she cried, recoiling in terrified amazement.

For her eyes had fallen upon the hand. The ring that had been faintly represented upon the little finger had disappeared, while now, upon the third finger, appeared the signet ring of the Barrodales, the affix of the crest clearly indicated.

And Lillian knew who was the possessor of that particular ring.

During the night the picture of Harold Barrodale had been further tampered with—that was a matter of certainty. Lillian examined the hand very closely; it was no question of supernatural interference; the paint was still wet where the alterations had been made. A few touches only had been made. All that was required—the abolition of the ring from the little finger, the substitution of the heavier circle upon the third, with the griffin of the seal boldly suggested. The work had been carried out by no unskilled hand.

The face was untouched, it remained the same as Lillian had seen it the night before. Also nothing had been done to the portrait of Mrs. Barrodale, looking closely at the latter Lillian could not restrain her admiration for the remarkable manner in which the strange scheme had been carried out.

"It is her portrait," she muttered, "the creature in woman's form that I distrust that day at Asterley, whose presence I have often felt as I felt it last night. She is the real Curse of the Barrodales, but what she is or why she is allowed to exist—that is the unfathomable mystery. Yet it is with her that we must contend!"

Pondering over many things—a new train of thought, which the sight of the Barrodale signet ring pointed upon Harold's index finger in the picture had induced—Lillian made her way back to the morning room where she found Esther waiting her.

After breakfast they took a stroll upon the terrace, and Lillian told Esther of the man she had seen standing by the door of the turret. "I am sure he was a gypsy," she concluded.

They examined the door and found it locked. Of course, said Lillian, "persons having a key or in league with the person now in those rooms," she indicated the shuttered windows—"can enter the house without hindrance, unless they were seen and suspected by any of our outdoor servants. Are they all trustworthy?"

Servants Not To Be Trusted.

"I cannot say," Esther looked doubtful. "Nearly all the old servants have been sent away, and the new men have been engaged by Harold. I do not like them, though they are not uncouth creatures like Paul. The only man servant in the house in whom I have any real confidence is the butler, but he is an old man, and not very strong. Several times he has complained to me of the new servants, but what could I do? The women who I trusted have been given notice, as you know, and soon there will not be one of them left."

"It seems to me, Esther," said Lillian, almost severely, "that you have not been mistress of your own house."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

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COLD PACK METHOD IN 12 SHORT STEPS

No. 10

NATIONAL WAR GARDEN COMMISSION

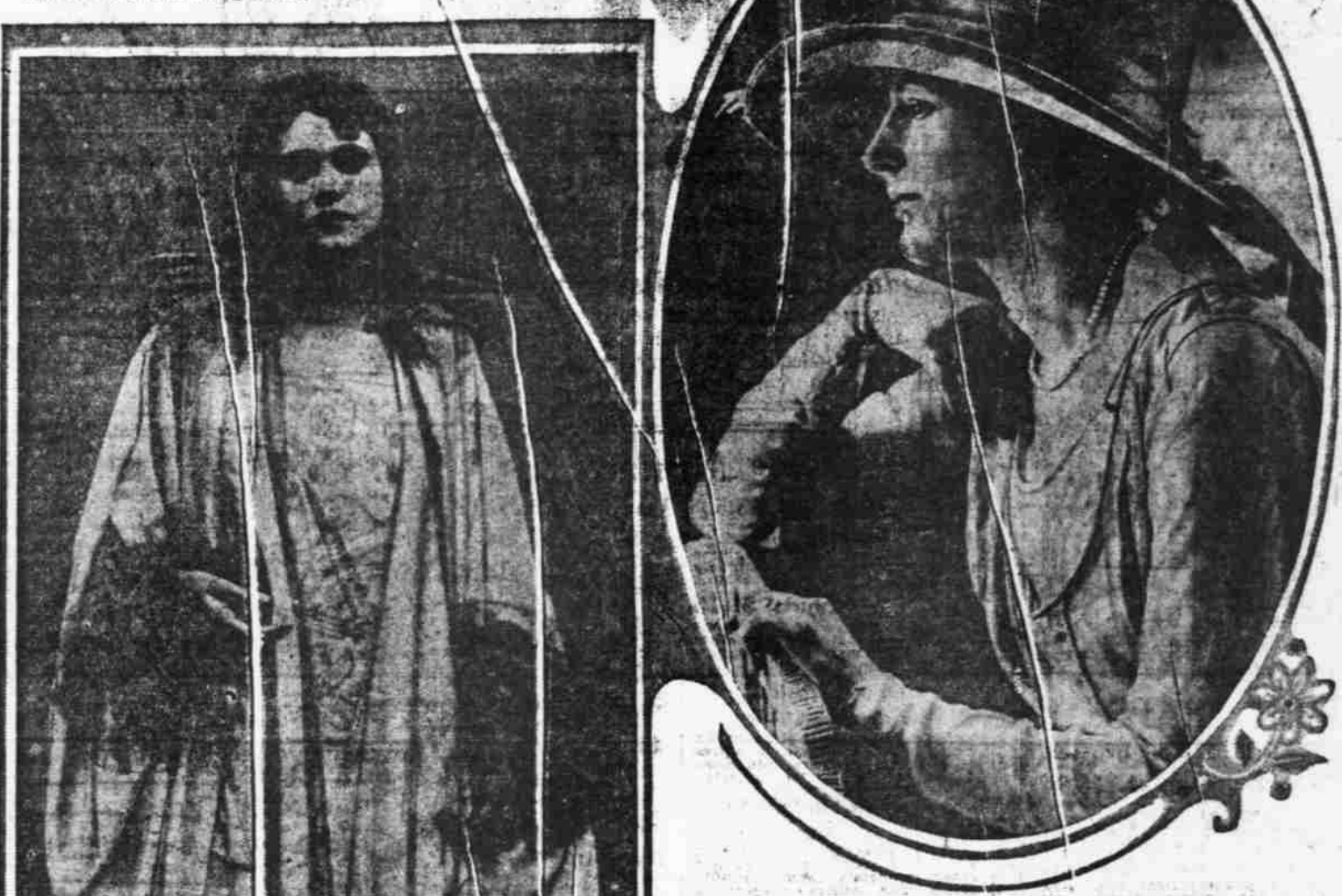
After completing seal the jars are turned upside down to test for leakage, and left upside down until cooled says the National War Garden Commission. They should be cooled rapidly but not in a draft. More details in a free book; the Commission at Washington will send you for \$2-cent stamp. Watch for step No. 11.

Readers of The Times may obtain copies of the Canning and Drying Manual at any one of the 200 distributing stations of The Times.

Magazine Page

Evening Coat and Broad-Brimmed Hat

Here's an evening coat trimmed with mink and a hat curved away from the face and showing a band of satin ribbon tied at the back in a drooping bow. A knot of roses and leaves adorn the front.



To Clean Neckties

A MONEY-SAVING SUGGESTION
By Rita Stuyvesant.

THESE days, when the Government asks that nothing be wasted, it is a little puzzling to the woman who has been in the habit of discarding things that were soiled or worn to "know just what to do to 'conserve' them. And especially men's ties and shirts, that are not to be worn, are generally difficult for the housewife to dispose of successfully. Yet there are many useful ways to use things of this kind, and it is for the patriotic and thrifty woman to find out.

For instance, when your husband's best silk tie becomes too soiled to wear to business, do not give them away and proceed to buy more. For you can make the soiled one look nice and fresh with very little trouble.

Before cleaning a tie, if it is a four-in-hand, it is well to run a bathing through the front to keep the lining from getting "twisted." Then get a quart fruit jar with rubber cover, half fill it with naphtha and put the ties in and screw the cover on tightly. Vigorously shake the jar about for a few minutes and the tie will almost be entirely removed; if not, repeat the process.

Remove them and smooth them out carefully and pat any remaining spots with a bit of cloth dampened in the naphtha. So that your husband will not continually smell the naphtha under his nose, hang

For the Salesgirl

THE ONLY WAY TO SUCCEED
By Eleanor Gilbert.

AN expert salesgirl recently explained what she believed to be the reason for her success. "People buy on confidence—not on information. Therefore, I always exert myself to deserve a buyer's confidence. For as soon as he has full confidence in my judgment and my statements he is willing to buy merely on my say-so."

"But doesn't a buyer first want to investigate facts about merchandise before he buys of you?" I inquired.

"He wants to be satisfied about the quality of the merchandise, but he doesn't want to go to the trouble of making an investigation himself. That is why it is the salesman's job to be fully and completely informed about his merchandise—to know the absolute truth about it from every point of view."

"He should be able to convince and satisfy the buyer and answer his every question. But as most buyers are too busy to get all the facts about all the merchandise they need, the salesman who obtains their confidence by careful service is the one who, and therefore, gets their orders without the buyers having to spend much time over the purchase."

Now I think that much of this can be applied to the selling of retail goods to women. The saleswoman who can secure the confidence of a woman will get her business. For what woman has the time to familiarize herself with the facts about the innumerable things she buys? Women, it is said, buy 65 per cent of all the merchandise. They buy food, clothing, household equipment, utensils, furnishings. Women buy almost everything you can think of with the exception of business supplies and equipment.

Of course, it would be a splendid thing if every woman received the training that would enable her to discern quality or inferiority in the many articles she examined for purchase. But few women understand even the things they are most interested in—textiles—and none except the professional experts study all these things.

Therefore, the saleswoman should regard herself as more than a seller of merchandise. She is a specialist on the article she sells. She should understand differences of quality, should be able to make comparisons intelligently and answer any question that may be put to her within her province.

She should give information courteously, not dictatorially. She should be helpful, not overbearing. She should be helpful to the customer, not judgmental. Let me illustrate with an actual observation.

In the millinery department of a large store I saw an Amazon of a saleswoman literally shoe a customer away by her manner. She seemed determined to sell the woman a high-priced hat which she held in her hand, and every time the customer picked up another model the saleswoman offered a critical remark.

In that same store I saw another saleswoman greet a customer with a pleasant smile. The customer didn't rummage among the hats. She merely said: "I want you to select a hat for me—one as becoming as the last one I bought here." That is confidence, and if you build confidence no temptation of bargains or extras can pry your customer from you.

The Reason Why.

"What makes you think all women hate each other?"

"Because a woman seldom brings up a son fit to be another woman's husband."

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the release of Richard the Lion Hearted from captivity in 1193. The hero of Crusader was given his liberty on the payment of 100,000 crowns to the Emperor Henry VI. Richard's personal valor made him one of the romantic figures in the literature of the succeeding century.

The Plotter's

A SERIAL OF EAST AND WEST
Clifford Asks His Mother to Explain Who Elizabeth Really Is, and on Her Failure His Suspicions Increase.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AS soon as Elizabeth Wade had uttered her thoughts, as a remark, she knew she had made a mistake.

Perhaps she felt the form at her side start slightly. Perhaps his silence warned her that something was amiss.

What had she said? Oh, yes, that she had no sister.

An awful thought struck her. Did the real Lizzie Moore have a sister, and if so, did Clifford Chapin know it?

Then she recalled with a throb of relief that he had spoken several times of knowing nothing of his Pennsylvania relatives. Yet he had also said that he remembered seeing Lizzie Moore when she was a small girl with pig-tails.

Elizabeth tried to quiet the beating of her heart by the reflection that no harm could have been done. She must have imagined that her retort had made any unusual impression upon Clifford Chapin. If he had not thought her reply strange, she would have been satisfied.

To test him she asked idly: "Did you ever wish you had a sister?"

"No," he replied, promptly and his manner was so natural that she felt immediately reassured. "I never wished for either a brother or sister. I like the parental spotlight to be turned full upon me all the time. Don't I, mother?"

Mrs. Chapin leaned forward as he repeated his question. As usual, she smiled at what she considered her son's witticism.

"Now, Clifford, dear," she said, "you always talk as if you were selfish. But you're not—not a mite."

Then she began to regale Elizabeth with the description of some of her boy's unbecomingly hilarious antics. She pretended to listen, smiled sympathetically.

The subject of these eulogiums had the grace to look uncomfortable under his mother's praise, and soon changed the talk from personalities to generalities.

The Letter Drops.

At the door of the farmhouse Elizabeth Wade sprang from the car before Clifford had time to help her. As he began taking out

the parcels which Mrs. Chapin was surrounded, Elizabeth came to his assistance.

"Here, give me some of those and help your mother," she ordered.

He did her bidding, and as she mounted the steps with an armful of groceries she dropped one of the parcels.

Stopping quickly, she picked it up. As she did so, the letter she had tucked into her pocket slipped to the ground.

She did not see it, but went on into the kitchen with her burden. Returning a minute later, she found Clifford standing at the foot of the stairs, her letter in his hand. His mother had gone into the house by the side door.

"You dropped this," he remarked, glibly holding the epistle. "I picked it up."

"Oh, thank you!" She held out her hand for her property, and he gave it to her, looking her full in the face as he did so.

The address was uppermost, and she noted with a shock that the number of Douglas Wade's P. O. box was "Riverhill, Wyo." It was stamped on the corner of the envelope.

"Thank you!" she repeated, confusedly. "I did not know I had dropped it."

She was glad that Douglas's name was not on the envelope. Perhaps Clifford did not know where the owner of the farm was living now. Yet, as she went up to her room, she was acutely uncomfortable. Could she have heard the conversation that took place a few minutes later between Mrs. Anne Chapin and her son she would have been acutely miserable.

Mrs. Chapin was in her room laying out her hat when Clifford came in. He was looking at her with a smile.

"Mother," he said without preliminary, "how many children has your cousin, John Moore?"

The Secret Out.

Martha Chapin was not in the habit of practicing finesse in diplomacy, and for the moment was off her guard.

"Three," she replied promptly.

"Two of them are boys, aren't they?" Clifford asked with assumed carelessness.

"Why, no—Cousin John never had a boy—except one that died when he was an infant. He's got only girls, and I guess they have a hard time to get along."

Then she stopped, her face reddening. She remembered the role that Elizabeth Wade was playing.

"I mean," she added hastily, "that when there's only girls, it's hard to support them. Girls can't work, the way men can."

Her son smiled sarcastically.

"Yet, in spite of all that, one of the daughters has a good education and dresses in clothes of a different cut and style from those worn by most poor working girls," he mocked.

"Clifford!" The matron's face was pale now. "Don't talk in that tone. I wish I could explain a lot of it all, but I can't."

"I don't need an explanation, perhaps," he said slowly. "But I do wonder what kind of a girl you think this so-called Lizzie Moore is in her own home town."

"She's a dear, sweet girl," his mother declared. "And I'm sorry for her. She is doing just what she's been told to do. I don't understand about it. If there's any fault it's not hers."

Clifford Chapin was watching his mother curiously.

"You," he pronounced each word deliberately and sternly, "are the most glib, least suspicious person I ever saw. And father's as bad. However, with a shrug of his shoulders, "of course, it's none of my business."

(To Be Continued.)

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Puss in Boots, Jr.

By David Cory.

"DON'T cry, Mrs. Duck, because you have chicks instead of ducklings," said Puss Junior, who, you remember, in the last story had come to pond where a poor mother duck was trying in vain to get her brood to wade into the water.

"Goodness gracious me," she exclaimed. "I must have had my eggs instead of mine," and after that she came out of the water and took her little ones back to the Old Farm. Maybe she and Henry Jenny changed children, so that she had her little ducklings after all and Henry Jenny had her little chickens. And some day I'll tell you if the Weathercock on the Old Barn lets me know.

Well, after that, Puss went on his way and by and by, after a while he came to a great hollow tree, only of course, Puss didn't know it was hollow. And right there in front of it stood an ugly old witch. Her chin crooked up and her nose crooked down, there was hardly room between for a piece of bread and butter to pass.

"Good morning, Sir Cat," said the ugly old witch.

"Good day, my good woman," replied little Puss Junior. "Is this your tree, for I see a little door in it just back of your skirt?"

"Yes, this is my house," she said. "Would you like to come in. I have a wonderful bird to show you."

So Puss went inside the hollow tree house of the old witch, and the first thing he saw was a pink and blue bird in a cage.

"Too wee, too wee, is all I sing. No more I fly on happy wing. But in this cage I sit all day. And never have a chance to play."

"You poor bird," said little Puss Junior. And then he turned to the old witch and said: "Why don't you let the poor thing go?"

"Because this bird is a princess, my little cat," said the wicked witch with a dreadful grin, which showed all her gums with only one long tooth. "I have changed her into this bird, and you had best be careful or I will change you into a mouse."

Wasn't that a dreadful thing to hear? But Puss wasn't afraid, for he knew he had his magic gold ring with him besides his flaming sword. But he could not get the old witch didn't know that. Oh, my, no. She thought that after awhile she would change Puss into a mouse or maybe a rat, so she chuckled to herself and locked the door, and then she turned with a horrible grin and said to him:

"Whiskey, whiskey, middle-de-o. You ought to be careful where you go."

Suppose I change you into a rat? Tell me, what would you think of that?"

And in the next story, if the goodfellow doesn't send me a pound of War Savings Stamps instead of tea, I'll tell you what happened after that.

To Be Continued.

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Wouldn't Marry Her.

"Sue sweet," said the swain, "do you think that if we got married your father would ever forgive me?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," replied the girl, without hesitation.

"And would he give us a house for our own?"

"Yes, darling."

"And an income big enough for us to live in comfort?"

The maid nodded decidedly.

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly he'd do that."

"And let me run the business—please myself?"

"Why, of course, he would, silly boy."

She smuggled into his chest front, but he put her coldly from him.

"I can't marry you, Miss Brown," he said, sadly, "your father is too anxious to get you off his hands."

Pussy's Paradise.

From time immemorial the stray cats of Florence have been well looked after. The cloister of San Lorenzo is sacred to poor puss. It is overlooked by the windows of the famous Laurentian Library, built by Michelangelo for Pope Clement VIII. to house the Medicean collection.

All stray cats are taken there and at noon every day scrape meat, collected from house after house, are emptied into the dry round the grass. Toward feeding time one may see cats of all kinds and degrees—black, tortoiseshell, tawny and white, male and female, young and old—basking in the sun and licking their